Dut. Good faith, good faith: the saying did not hold,
In him that did obiect the same to thee:
He was the wretchedst thing when he was young,
So long a growing and so leasurely,
That if this were a rule he should be gracious.
Car. Why Maddam, so no doubt he is.
Dut. I hope so too but yet let Mothers doubt,
Yor. Now by my troth if I had beene remembred,
I could haue giuen my Vncles grace a flout, (mine.
That should haue neerer toucht his growth then he did
Dut. How my pietty *Yorke*: I pray thee let me heare it.
Yor. Marry they say, that my Vncle grew so fast,
That he could gnaw a crust, at two houres old,
Twas full two yeares ere I could get a tooth.
Granam, this would haue beene a pritty iest.
Dut. I pray thee pritty *Yorke*, who told thee so?
Yor. Granam, his Nurse.
Dut. Why she was dead ere thou wert borne.
Yor. If twere not she, I cannot tell who told me.
Qu. A perilous boy, go too thou art too shrewd,
Car. Good Maddam be not angry with the child.
Qu. Pitchers hath eares. *Enter Dorset,*
Car. Heere comes your sonne, Lord Marques, *Dorset,*
What newes Lord Marques?
Dor. Such newes my Lord, as griues me to vnfold.
Qu. How fares the Prince?
Dor. Well Maddam, and in health:
Dut. What is the newes then?
Dor. Lord *Riuers*, and Lord *Gray*, are sent to *Pomfret*,
With them Sir Thomas *Vaughan*, prisoners.
Dut. Who hath committed them?
Dor. The Mighty Dukes *Gloceſter* and *Buckingham*.
Car. For what offence?
Dor. The summe of all I can, I haue disclosed:
Why or for what these Nobles were committed,
Is all vnknowne to me, my gracious Lady.
Qu. Ay me, I see the downefall of our House,
The Tiger now hath seazd the gentle Hinde:
Insulting tyrany begins to iet.

Vpon

Vpon the innocent and law
Welcome destruction, dear
I see as in a Map the end of
Dut. Accurst and vnqui
How many of you haue m
My husband lost his life to
And often vp and downe m
For me to ioy and weepe w
And being seated and dom
Cleane ouerblowne, themse
Make war vpon themselues
Selfe against selfe, O prepos
And frantick outrage, end
Or let me die to looke on de
Qu. Come come, my boy,
Dut. Ile goe along with y
Qu. You haue no cause.
Car. My gracious Lady, g
And thither beare your treas
For my part, ile resigne vnt
The seale I keepe, and so bet
As well I tender you, and a
Come, ile conduct you to
The Trumpets sound. En
Gloceſter, and Buckı
Buc. Welcome sweet Prin
Glo. Welcome sweet Cose
The weary way hath made
Prin. No Vncle, but our
Hath made it teadious, we
I want more Vncles here t
Glo. Sweet Prince, the vnta
Haue not yet dined into th
No more can you distingui
Then of his outward shew,
Seldome or neuer iumpeth
Those vncles which you wa
Your Grace attended to the
But lookt not on the poyso

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Richard III* (STC 22321) LONDON, 1634 THE BODLEIAN LIBRARY (Arch. G